

Wm Lloyd Garrison  
1836

Brooklyn, Sept. 23, 1836.

Dear brother May:

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I know not whether you will be surprised to find, on your return from Hartford, that I have gone to Boston with my family; — certain it is when I parted from you on Tuesday, I did not anticipate so early a removal, else I should have taken a more emphatic pledge of you. But we have been induced to go thus hastily, chiefly on Mrs. Henry's account, who will need our presence and support while he is experimenting afresh upon his shattered constitution. We learn that his journey to Providence was sustained without any injury to himself — further information has not yet been received from him.

I was agreeably surprised, this afternoon, to see our mutual and estimable friend Charles Burleigh, fresh from Boston, and vigorous as usual both in body and in mind. He is now on a visit to his parents. As he was in pursuit of William, he did not tarry but a few minutes. He informed me that friend Knapp was still destitute of money, not having, as yet, been able to obtain a dollar of Mr. Chapman: consequently, he had none to send to me. I sympathize with him, and really feel embarrassed to decide the question, whether it is my duty to return to Boston at an expense which must necessarily involve either himself or me, or both of us, yet more deeply in debt — at least, so I fear. As for myself, I cannot doubt that the Board will be disposed to sustain me as far as practicable; but, as I cannot serve the Society, as such, to any special advantage, I reluct being paid for services which are not directly rendered. Nevertheless, it is proper and needful for me to appear on the ground once more, and if I cannot stay, why, then I must retreat into the country once more. [Now that my vabbatical, as well as some of my other religious sentiments are known, it is pretty certain that the Liberator will sustain a serious loss in its subscriptions at



the close of the present volume; and all appeals for aid in its behalf will be less likely to prevail than formerly. I am conscious that a mighty sectarian conspiracy is forming to crush me, and it will probably ~~succeed~~, to some extent. Well — from the heart I can say, "The Lord is my portion — I will not fear what men can do unto me." O, the rottenness of Christendom! Judaism and Romanism are the leading features of Protestantism. I am forced to believe, that, as it respects the greater portion of professing Christians in this land, Christ has died in vain. In their traditions, their forms and ceremonies, their vain janglings, their self-righteousness, their idol-worship, their sectarian zeal and devotion, their infallibility and exclusiveness, they are Pharisees and Sadducees, they are Papists and Jews. Blessed be God, that I am not entangled with their yoke of bondage, and that I am <sup>not</sup> allied to them in spirit or form.

But I have no time to enlarge. For all your kindness to me and mine, and also that of your wife, I feel, and so does Helen, under high and lasting obligations. You cannot, and do not, expect a reward from me — because "silver and gold have I none," and because money can be no equivalent. May you be remunerated in your own souls — constantly, immutably, forever.

I hope to have the pleasure of seeing you in Boston soon. Your borrowed books I have returned, excepting Bakewell's Geology, which I venture to carry with me to Boston, for the purpose of extracting the remarks upon the creation by Prof. Silliman, which I have been unable to transcribe, as they are somewhat protracted. — Now, joy and peace in the Holy Ghost be yours, and may we know experimentally what it is to be crucified to the world.

Yours, lovingly,

Wm. Lloyd Garrison.